ARTHA SPOONER arrived at myfiless. She had hurried to insure the freshness of her rews, and to make certain she would be the first to impart it.

"Somebody stole three hundred dollars from Walter Shepherd," she said, before her foot touched the top step. "I want to know." said Grandma, laying her knitting in her lap for a moment. "Have they diskivered who

"I calc'late they got s'picions."
Martha said knowingly; "but that
hain't lettin' on."
"Too bad," said Grandma slowly. "Too bad... Not so much fer Walter Shepherd. He kin afford to lose it. But the hain't nobody kin afford to steal it... I dread to hear who they

ketch."
Grandma Cutcheon looked off across the fields, and her face was sad. The occurrence of evil in the world always saddened Grandma. Her expression changed. "There they be." she said, pointing with a knit-"There they ting needle to a young man who shambled along with a bamboo fishing pole over his shoulder and a can of bait in his hand. Ten feet behind the young man shambled a boy, obviously copying the gait and physical mannerisms of his leader. He, too, was equipped with pole and

bait.
"Follers him like a dog." Grandma. 'Allus a-follerin' Dick Towne every step he takes." "Wuthless coots," said Martha

"Remind me of them dogs to ther sionary was talkin' about t'other arose and went into the nouse to day. What name was it she give turn with a big golden ginger cookie in her hand. Dick passed. Grandma word. day. What name was it she give 'em? Prairie dogs? No. 'Twa'n't that. Pariah. That's the word. Dick's a kind of a pariah dog, and Beggy's a pariah puppy...Don't un-derstand the boy worshipin' him like he 'pears to do.

Nor would Grandma have under-stood better the worship of Beggy Turnip—boyhood's corruption of Ben-Turnip—boyhood's corruption of Ben-bled up the path. He took the cookie, jamin Turner—for Dick Towne could said, "Much obleeged." and was turnshe have been their constant com-panion. ing away when, suddenly, he paused panion. "Kin 1

Dick Towne maintained the fiction have another?" he asked. that he worked at his trade of painting and paperhanging, for the most lazy, the most shiftless, the most worthless of men must fortify the inner citadel to which their self-respect has fied and become invisible to the world. He lived alone in the dilapidated unpainted shanty that had been his father's. It was one of those structures whose lines had sagged to curves, and whose curlers upon the back of some squalid back to his deferential position ten

He fished, he hunted, or he loafed. Upon rare occasions he made pretense of gainful occupation by pick-ing berries or by trapping. His fa-ther had left behind him in the local savings bank a fortune of three thousand and odd dollars, which returned Dick an income of something like a hundred and fifty dollars a year. His scheme of life was based upon the preservation of the capital sum, and existence upon the interest. He still vanished. Though Beggy hung about New England hamlets are given to relying upon those local characters which give them color and conversa-tion. Such characters are indispen-sable and seem never to fail. There sable and seem never to fail. There is something in the New England moral or economic system which breeds them as inevitable "conse-

AS for Beggy Turnip, he was son mier dipsomaniac and petty criminal. In a less human and more efficient civilization Beggy would have been taken away from his father and cared for institutionally; which might have killed him, but would have uplifted him. As it was, he throve, and there was no boy of his age in the town-ship who dared knock from his shoulder the provocative chip. For the most part, he shifted for himself, not interfered with by the good-hearted

truant officer.

Dick Towne could not arise so early but that he found Beggy waiting for him to emerge. The bright eyes of the boy would fasten themselves upon the face of the young man with a hungry, hopeful expression. His hope was that Dick would notice his presence by a word. If, as was the case nine times out of ten, the young man passed on without greeting or notice. Beggy waited until his hero was ten feet ahead, and, exhibiting no sign of disappointment or anger, would follow, as Grandma Cutcheon

said, like a dog.
So now the young man and the boy crossed the fields within the range of Grandma Cutcheon's eyes, pathetically alike in pose and movement and even in wearing apparel. to pass from sight among the su-macs which crested the hill above the pond. They descended the slope and skirted the water on their way to wellknown points extending through the impeding border of lily pads. At the apex of one of these Dick Towne stationed himself, his dangling over the couphling legs dangling over the crumbling bank. Beggy, with eyes studying his companion, seated himself a dozen feet away, reflecting in every movement the motions of his elder. It was as though Dick Towne were reflected in some mirror endowed with and, bewildered and crushed, he wanging, ironical humor. When Dick baited his hook, Beggy impaled an agony it was.

Ten or twenty years without Dick! It was unthinkable. He could not comprehend the monstrousness of it, and, bewildered and crushed, he wandered off alone with his agony, for agony it was.

The irrepressibility of the imaginabaited his hook, Beggy impaled an agony it was.

angleworm. Beggy spat upon his bait in exact imitation of Dick's mannerism in performing that fisherman's rite. Dick each his hook, Beggy impaled an agony it was.

The irrepressibility of the imagination of boyhood is a marvelous gift from heaven. Even the most weighty

black, hungry depths. The cliff's edge crumbled under Dick, and he fell down and down into those waiting self were accustomed to fill their bait self were accustomed to fill their bait. himself as leaping to his feet, poising Dick emerged from prison Beggy on the brink, plunging in a beautiful, would be ready for him, ready to lay

tion was Dick, faintly struggling. Beggy tore him free, mounted with him to the surface, and swimming on his back towed the unconscious man ashore. There he worked over

life, for Dick took his preserver home with him and allowed him to sleep on the floor beside his bed, and forever after he permitted Beggy to go with him wherever he went, not walking ten feet behind, but proudly at his side!

Currency. Beggy clapped the cover tlety o fan Indian, he crept away the old barn and made his way to the village. The lockup was in the basement of the town hall, and silently:

"Yourse," said Grandma.

"Without havin no trial nor nothing in her eyes that made clear vision impossible, and she was repeating over and over to herself silently:

"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. A body kin understand Him sayin." Suffer leetle children."

"Yes," said Grandma. "Why:"

"Yes," said Grandma. "Why:"

"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. A body kin understand Him sayin." Suffer leetle children."

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"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. Supplied the supplied to the village. The lockup was in silently:

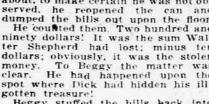
"Yes," said Grandma. "Yes," said Grandma. "Why:"

"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. Supplied the supplied to the village. "A body kin understand Him sayin." Supplied the supplied to the village. The lockup was supplied to the village. The lockup was in silently:

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"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. Supplied the supplied to the village. The lockup was in silently:

"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. The lockup was supplied to the village. The lockup





Remind me of them dogs the mis- and, holding her knitting in her apron, through. The moral issues were so

"Beggy."
The boy stopped.

paces in the rear.

"Got a cookie for you," said Grand-Beggy entered the gate and sham

"Calc'late so. Be you hungry?"
"Tain't for me," said Beggy. "It's for him. He received the second cookie and ran after his companion. "Here." he said, diffidently. "It's

yourn. Dick received the gift into his fingers, looked at it, sniffed of it. "Huh." he said, but to Beggy's infinite delight ing shingles gave the effect of feath- he began to eat it. Beggy dropped

> Beggy followed Dick home, and then scuffled away to the rickety, fenceless, weed-grown place where he lived with his father. Mr. Turner was not there, a thing which caused Beggy no surprise, and the boy went about getting for himself such food as the larder could provide.

ad one year the advantage of thirty. until 10 o'clock, his patience went Pleasant Point accepted him, in- without reward. He could not underdeed, it relied upon him, as small stand it. This was twice the thing had happened, two evenings in succession that Dick Towne, the easiest of men to locate at any time was not to be found. It worried Beggy and weighed upon him. He went home disquieted and dreamed restless dreams...

Beggy would have been more disquieted had he hunted for Dick in the village instead of waiting about the house for him to return. The villake knew where Dick was. Long before it went to bed that night Pleasant Point was made aware of Dick's whereabouts, and with shakilization Beggy would have been more disquieted had he hunted for Dick in the village instead of waiting about the house for him to return. The villake knew where Dick was. Long before it went to bed that night pleasant Point was made aware of Dick's whereabouts, and with shakilings of the head it allowed it had expected something of the kind to expected something of the kind to happen any day. . . Dick was in the calaboose under the town hall, charged with the theft of Walter Shepherd's three hundred dollars. "Have they mixed that little Beggy Turnip boy into it?" was Grandma

Turnip boy into it?" was Grandma Cutcheon's first question when Miss Spooner arrived with the news.
"He hain't been mentioned—yit."
"I'm.... Find the money?"
"Nary hide nor hair of it."
"Dick hain't owned up." It was a statement not a question. statement, not a question.
"Sticks to it he never done it. Bold
as brass. But they got him all snarled
up with circumstantial evidence."

"Don't believe he done it," said Grandma, firmly. "Dick hain't got the look of a thief." She sighed. "Figgered to git my blueberries canned up, and now comes this. Boys and men is more importannt'n blueberries, though. . . . Poor leetle felter My heart jest bleads for the My heart jest bleeds for that Beggy boy."
"You hain't cal'latin' to mix into

this!" exclaimed Martha "I be," grandma said, firmly. * * * *

TT is true that Beggy Turnip needed sympathy sorely. His world had splintered into ruins about him, and he stood appalled. "What'll they do with him," he de-

manded tearfully again and again. "Send him to the pen'tentiary, may-be for ten year, maybe for twenty.

. Breakin' and enterin' a dwell-

Ten or twenty years without Dick!
It was unthinkable. He could not

hait in exact imitation of Dicks mannersm in performing that fishers mannersm in performing that from heaven. Even the most weighty from heaven. Even the most wint heaven to be and that the wint of no court could reach him. He saw him, steeds who as a standard that the warm, humming, lazy air he secret meeting place, and, mounted upon shorting steeds, woo and the heaven the captain of a brave and despect that all and so distant that the writ of no court could reach him. He saw him, steeds who as a strength of the captain of a brave and despect the law of outlaws, who at a word from him would gather at the swint that the writ of no court could reach him. He saw him, steeds woo and heaven. Even the most in the proposed of the captain of a brave and despect to the captain of a brave and despect to

day when Dick, free at last, return-ed to Pleasant Point, and he led him to the secret spot and uncovered be-fore Dick's astounded eyes a full bar-

rel of bait!
He set hmiself to the labor of love man ashore. There he worked over him, making use of every legendary method known to the lore of boyhood.

Beggy's eyes filled with actual tears as he flung himself in imagination upon Dick's unconscious body, and when the first sigh of returning life told him his friend was not dead, his heart swelled and his throat hardened.

He set hmiself to the labor of love with enthusiasm. For an hour he enthusiasm. For an hour he enthusiasm. For an hour he with enthusiasm. For an hour he with enthusiasm. For an hour he with enthusiasm. For an hour h

But even in the land of actuality, the day was a wonderful success. Presently Dick hooked a bass and landed it.

"It takes you to git 'em," said

Beggy reverently.

"He counted them. Two hundred and the town hall and its only adjoining structure—a house occupied by a paperhanger—was a narrow strip of grassless earth, and giving upon this strip were two barred windows beneath the level of the soil, drawing fessed a crime. I calc'late the authorities

"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. A body kin understand Him structure—a house occupied by a paperhanger—was a narrow strip of grassless earth, and giving upon this strip were two barred windows beneath the level of the soil, drawing fessed a crime. I calc'late the authorities upon their backs."

"Hain't the hearts of boys wonderful. A body kin understand Him sayin' "Suffer leetle children."

"Yes," said Grandma. "Why?"

"Jest kind of thought of thought do it was to say he did, and nobody knowed the difference."

"Why." said Grandma. "Why?"

"When her visitor was gone grand-grand and one of the windows beneath the town hall and its only adjoining structure—a house occupied by a paperhanger—was a narrow strip of grassless earth, and giving upon this strip were two barred windows beneath the level of the soil, drawing the town hall and its only adjoining structure—a house occupied by a paperhanger—was a narrow strip of grassless earth, and giving upon this strip were two barred windows beneath the town hall and its only adjoining beneath the town hall and its only adjoining structure—a house occupied by a paperhanger—was a narrow strip of grassless earth, and giving upon this strip were two barred windows beneath the town hall and its only adjoining beneat Presently Dick hooked a bass and landed it.

"It takes you to git 'em," said 'spot where Dick had happened upon the across the fields, coming out upon the turnpike above Grandma Cutcheon's house. She saw them approaching the lander of the said of the said the approaching the lander of the strip were two barred windows below the landed it.

"It takes you to git 'em," said lollars; obviously, it was the stolen money. To Beggy the matter was strip were two barred windows below their light through little boxed pockage. The landed it.

"Why," said Grandma cutcheon's strip were two barred windows below their light through little boxed pockage. The landed it.

"Why," said Grandma cutcheos is the level of the soil, drawing their light through little boxed pockage. Beggy looked up and down the street, then ducked between the level of the soil, drawing of their light through little boxed pockage. Beggy looked up and down the street, then ducked between the turnpike above Grandma Cutcheon's arrived to go away from the can and hid them under a rotting floor board; then he sat down upon an exposed sill to think the matter was strip were two barred windows below their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon was staring at him the can and hid them under a rotting floor board; then he sat down upon an exposed sill to think the matter was trip were two barred windows below their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutcheon's their light through little boxed pockage. Why," said Grandma cutche the boxed pocket and peered into the comparative darkness. The window

he found, had been removed to admit "Dick," he called in a mysterious whisper. It's me, Dick. Come over here where we kin talk." "What you want?" said Dick gruffly "I jest want to tell you" (here ro-nance got the better of Beggy for a space). "that I'm figgerin' on rescuin space). "that I'm figgerin' on rescuin you. I hain't got it all planned yet, but if the hain't no other way I'll pass you in a file or a ax or a saw or

"GIT out of there, and lemme be," said Dick harshly.

"Say, Dick," Beggy persisted; "if you really stole that money, which would you druther-keep it where it's hid so's you'd have it when you git out of prison, or give it up and git free?" "You git away from there!"

"'Cause," said Beggy, "I found where it's hid, and I calc'lated on givin' it up if you was willin'. Maybe they'd let you off then. So I come to There was a pause. Dick drew nearer

o the window. "What's that?" he demanded.

Thound it, and I could fetch it down and shove it in to you. Then you und give it back if they'd let you "I hain't no thief," said Dick with "I hain't no thiel, said blck with sudden fury. "I didn't steal no money. They kin send me to prison for a mil-lion years—" He stopped speaking, while Beggy held his breath. Then he

through. The moral issues were so intricate and befogged that Beggy's brain, all unused to casuistry as it was, only darted here and there up blind alleys of thought. His first idea was to return the money to Walter Shenherd, on condition Died and the series of the se ter Shepherd on condition Dick should be released. But had he a right to do that? The money was Dick's, because Dick had gone to the labor of stealing it, and was going to jail for the theft. If Dick actually went to prison, then it was clear the money was Dick's and no other's.

Beggy shifted from one foot to the other and looked everywhere except at Grandma. "Worms for bait," he said finally in a strangled voice, and casting aside all hopes of effecting a courteous escape, he turned and took to his heels Grandma stood up and peered after him over the steel rims of her spectacles. Beggy ran for a couple of hundred ards and then slowed down to a walk. A rich feeling overspread him, a gorgeous sensation. He was, indeed, about viewed it now with the glowing eyes of his imagination, and his own nobility almost overpowered him. Dick would see worth of that there stick candy," she all right. He would show Dick.
There was one affecting part, where
Dick came to his untimely grave and laid a wreath upon it and uttered beautiful phrases about him.

With a certain air calculated to be

appropriate to the occasion, Beggy turned into Main street and marched to stepped inside, he became a boy again. "Well, Bub?" said Justice Hopper.
"I—I come to own up," said Beggy. What to?

"Stealin' that money off of Walter Shepherd." "Go 'way!" It was an exclamation of astonishment. "What's that you're a-

"I took that money, and now you go to let Dick Towne go, because he didn't have nothin' to do with it, and nobody else did but jest me, and I kin give the money back, but I won't ever give back a cent if you don't let Dick go and tell folks he hain't no thief." "Wa-al, I swan to man! Turner boy

hain't you? Allus said you wouldn't no er come to no good end. Like father, se son. Um. . . Still got the money, eh? Where is it? Produce it "I know meney, eh; right off. Bub, if you know what's good for you."
"Not till you let Dick Towne loose."
"Not till you let Dick Towne loose." "Huh! If you done it, and own up to it, the hain't no reason for keepin' Dick. Not as I know of. . . . Hey, con-

> THE constable entered leisurely, moving a certain something from

stable!

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Grandma knew three generations of said. Pleasant Point. She knew individuals and family histories, and, because this was so, she could, with some degree of certainty, make a list of the men and women in the village who would be weak or wicked enough to perform this act.

In this instance there was not only the presence of theft, but a premedi-tated and deliberate theft. The man who stode Walter Shepherd's money accomplished his end only after knowledge and planning. It was not weakness, but wickedness.

Grandma threw a shawl over her shoulders and started for the village. "Fust off," she said, "I'll buy that boy some candy and send it in to She stopped in at Brokaw's store.

"Hain't got no stick candy.

"You had a full pail tother day."
"Sold out the whole dinged pail to

Grandma looked up quickly. "A whole pail of candy to wunst. Whoever had sich a sweet tooth as that?" "Poot Sawyer. Come in grinnin' and says he was goin' to have all the candy he wanted for wunst in his life—and I hain't seen him since. Guess he's makin' a business of eatin' were accustomed to dig bait, and

"Pay for it, Mark?" "Do you figger he'd 'a' got it with-

Grandma stood a moment with puckered brows, and then, without stopping to chat, as was her usual custom, she left the store and set out down the street with the determined pace of one bound for a definite destination. She passed the town hall and continued through the village until grandma. ward the east. She made her way around to the back door, where a man was washing his face in a tin basin "Afternoon, Eben," she said, placid-

"Afternoon, Mis' Cutcheon, "County still boardin' Poot Sawyer

with you, Eben?" n the money we git pays fer.'

"Is he anywheres about. Eben?" "He's been layin' low fer a day or young man and then, side by side.

so. Dunno what he's up to. Calc-late they walked to the town haff

She walked out toward the out was a stir in the loft over the car-

peered from a pasty face.
"Poot," said grandma, "folks says He laughed with the glee of a six-

"You can't have none. You can't have none. It's all Poots." "Of course it is. You don't have to give me any, Poot. But when you've et this pail what you goin' to do?" The look of cunning returned to the read, knowingly.

tention. "Because they've found the ed him and rescued him. They found where you never stole that money. It was Poo money

ouried it, and Squire Hopper's got it. The creature uttered an animal cry. "Poot's money. Money. money, money! . . All the candy Poot wanted!" He set off at a clumsy lope. Grandma called sharply to the man of the house. "Follow him, Eben."

there Poot was pawing in the earth with both hands, while he uttered "Come up here alongside of me." he pitiful wails of grief. "Fetch him along to the squire's."

said grandma to Eben. Justice of the Peace Hopper was bewildered. This crime was becom-ing too complicated for him. "Be you sure we got the right one; now?

"Hain't no mistake this time." said joy to Beggy. They Grandma was fortunate. Her er- how what resentment for his loss re rand did not carry her far, for in mained in his heart faded away and front of Chancy Dinsmore's general vanished.

I kin find him som'ers around the "Squire Hooper," said grandma barn.
"Dick's goin' down to tell the boy "I'll go out and call him," said he kin go free," "Jest as you say, Mis' Cutcheon." * * * *

descended the dark slaires nor the ladder. He was a sight to distress. was he calm. A thing had befallen Long greasy hair mingled with an un- him, an unbelievable thing. It had kempt beard; vague, lusterless eyes startled him. The thought that a fellow human being could care for him so much as to confess a crime that he might go free staggered him. He laughed with the glee of a sixyear old child. "Candy! Candy!" he
said.

"Isn't it nice, you can have all you
want now?"
He ceased laughing and his face assumed a lock of cunning. "Got no
candy. Give Poot a penny."

"You've got a whole pail of it,"
grandma said sharply.

"You can't late that he might go free staggered him.
He recalled the days of the spring
and the summer—how Beggy had
been his shadow, always present,
never intrusive, and now he knew he
had appreciated that companionship
aware that Beggy's presence and attitude had been grateful to him. That
leetle cuss. ... the leetle cuss the leetle cuss is the leetle cuss the leetle cuss is the leetle cuss.

late.

He pushed open the door.

"Hey, Beggy," he said, roughly, cubarrassed, "I come to git you out.

"I knowed it," said Beggy, tearfulr, ly, but with rapture in his heart; "I

knowed you'd git me out." half-wit's eyes and he wagged his He had known no such thing, in agined no such thing. He had be-"You can't buy any more." said lieved himself deserted by his hero. grandma. She paused and looked him was miraculous. Dick had remember-"Beggy," said Dick, still gruffly, "I

> Sawyer. "Oh, him" said Beggy.
> They went up the stairs, where

Grandma Cutcheon met them. "You boys better come home to sup Dick shook his head. "Me 'n' Beggy's Poot took across the fields. Eben in got to go off together. We got things pursuit. Grandma came up with them to do. Me 'n' Beggy can't come "... He started across the street. Beggy paused until Dick was a dozen teahead and then followed: Dick stop

> said, sharply. "How kin I talk to you way back there. You 'n' me's got to I plan how I go to work, and you live with me, and I do what's right by I you. Hain't no way out of it, seems as though.

Beggy slipped his hand into Dick's. he demanded, uneasily, of and Dick grasped it with authority The world became a golden haze of grandma, with some trace of grim- ward the distant pond. Beggy facing a randma. With some trace of grimmers, "thanks to the way the law took holt of this thing. You keep Poot Sawyer right in this office till I get back. I got a errant to do—and when I come back I'm a-goin' to take that boy with me."

He looked down at Beggy, and some-bow what resentment for his loss rehow what resentment for his loss re

front of Chancy Dinsmores general store she met Dick Towne and drew him aside. For fifteen minutes she (Copyright, 1921, Printed by special arrangement with the Metropolitan Service and Twas in close conversation with the Metropolitan Service and Twashington Star.)

American Statue of the Great Bolivar

thing for the city of New York to cheek bones prominent. His mouth dedicate a statue in Central Park to The upper lip was notably long. His

been generally accepted as the lib- when erator of South America. He fought Colombia, in Bolivia, Ecuador and and Indians. Peru. From 1819 to 1830 he was at one time or another at the head of tralized republic, to be called Colom- papers or dancing, for which he had a chanics:

presidency or dictatorship of Vene-zuela. Colombia and Ecuador the sum-mer of 1830. His health was already seriously affected, and he died near. He had the gift of conversation. He seriously affected, and he died near seriously affected, and he died near Carthagena, Colombia, on December 17. 1830. It was his plan to retire from South America and end his days His imagination was vivid. He wrote in Europe. He was born at Caracas, in a vivid style, but with precision is two and one-sixteenth inches in Venezuela, July 24, 1783. He was a and clearness. sand slaves. He lost the greater part of his property during the revolution in Venezuela, but it was a part of his through. In the long years when he was the military and civil head of first-class makers, when they are was the military and civil head of first-class makers, when they are rich man, owning more than a thou-

good many years ago a statue Bolivar was placed in Central Park, New York. That statue has been removed and there are other statues here and there in this country. The new statue, dedicated April Farnham, an American sculptress, who has had a remarkable career. She early showed talent in being able She early showed talent in being able to pick up a piece of paper and tear out a perfectly recognizable portrait. She paid no attention to this gift for years. Then, finding it extremely desirable to make some money, she went into training for the sculptor's was scrupples in attention to business in Europe. He went into training for the sculptor's was scrupulous in attention to busi-

T is now nearly a hundred years tache were reddish, giving him a given to reading the Greek and Latin rather bizarre appearance in that reclassics in French translations. He since the independence (from the forehead was high but not broad continuous that the independence (from the forehead was high but not broad continuous that the memory of the great Bolivar during the past week.

Simon Bolivar of Venezuela has The upper lip was notatily long. The upper lip

the state, his gifts of utterance and of persuasion saved the day for him over and over again. He had the over and over again. He had the over and over again. He had the creative genius as well, almost knew how to make something of nothing. A great man always, he was, if anything greatest in adversity. His enemies had to admit that "Bolivar vanquished was more to be dreaded than Bolivar victor."

since the United States recognized the independence (from Spain) of the South American republics, and 1923 will be the centennial year of the Monroe doctrine.

Therefore, it was a very appropriate thing for the city of New York to

turn out an ivory billfard ball when he was angry.

He was a thorough connoisseur of which is a perfect sphere, which has the kitchen, but heartily enjoyed the its center of gravity in the center of the Spanish power in Venezuela, in rough fare of his cowboys (llaneros) the ball and which is resilient enough, and not too resilient, but to Bolivar was an active man. Few turn out a set of three balls, each of men could stand such fatigue. After which is of the same size, same affairs in Venezuela, Colombia, Bo- a hard day, enough to exhaust the weight, exact spieres and of the livia, Ecuador and Peru. It was his most robust, he might be seen any same degree of resiliency, is one of cherished hope to form a great cen- time working five or six hours at his the most delicate operations in me-

up of the territory of north- great fondness. Out of twenty-four It is important that the balls should west South America, especially Venezuela and New Gravado, or what is now Colombia and Ecuador.

In 1830 Bolivar had to renounce his length of the sounce of plan for such a league. The separate with sword and pistol and wonderful-entities could not be induced to pool by skillful and bold as a horseman, their interests. Bolivar resigned the but his seat in the saddle was not eseach very soon learns, the character-istics or peculiarities of the balls.

Billiards is a game in which truth --counts. The balls must be true, the
cushions must be true, the tables must be true and the eye and hand of the

player must be true. The standard size of a billiard ball Bolivar was an orator. He had the it is well to have them turned so that it will not. After the balls have been thoroughly ripened or "acclimatized" they can be turned down to the size of two and one-sixteenth inches,

lem. Men who are very careful with a fine trio of billiard balls will, after a nee trio of billiard balls will, after using them, put them in a box of sawdust which has been saturated with sweet oil. It is said that this will keep the balls in that condition in which they are truest, or more nearly true.

went into training for the sculptor's work, and was immediately successful. It is said that Mrs. Farnham earned \$20,000 the first year she was regularly at work.

The description of Bolivar given is drawn from the memoirs of Gen. Daniel Francis O'Leary, a distinguished son of Ireland, who was for years a member of Bolivar's military and civil family.

Bolivar's height was five foot six inches. English measure. His chest was narrow, body slight—he was all legs. His hands and feet were small and well modeled. His hair black, fine and curly. He wore his hair long until 1821, when he began to grow bald. After that he cut it short, and most of his portraits show him with short hair. His whiskers and mus-All billiard balls are true when they are sent out by responsible makers.



UNVEILING THE BOLIVAR STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK,



"YOU LEETLE THIEF! YOU DUM LEETLE THIEF!" HE SAID, RAISING HIS VOICE, "I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO. YOU STOLE THAT MONEY AND YOU'RE SCAIRT, THAT'S WHAT!"

In common with many boys, Beggy hain't tryin' no sich thing," Beggy cheek to cheek with practiced tongue

The bank upon which they sat became a cliff, the shallow water at its foot black, hungry depths. The cliff's edge arm and down into those waiting and down into those waiting on the brink, plunging in a beautiful, curving dive. He came to the surface and looked about for his friend. He wanted to the his friend was invisible.

The bank upon which they sat became a cliff, the shallow water at its foot black, hungry depths. The cliff's edge arm and down into those waiting on the brink, plunging in a beautiful, curving dive. He came to the surface and looked about for his friend. He wanted to the finding of burled treasure theory was this feet angleworms enough to last for the remainder of his lifetime. He would dig a barrel of worms and but his friend was invisible.

Weil, Beggy knew what had happened! He filled his lungs and dived, and there, tangled in water vegetation was Dlock, faintly struggling.

Weil, Beggy knew was a dived, and there, tangled in water vegetation was Dlock, faintly struggling.

Weil Beggy withdrew from the window. He does convicted: Beggy Turnip, it call the constable.

But Dick had not been convicted: Beggy withdrew from the window. He had happened the fere was a cloud on his tit. Also there could lay there was the mis eyes, and his heart was shed in his eyes, and his heart was cloud and painful within him. Dick was white, tears stood unshed his there was white, tears stood unshed the fire was white, tears stood unshed the fire was white, tears stood unshed the fire was white, tears stood unshed his feet was white, tears stood unshed the fire was white, tears stood unshed his feet was white he save the most in the feet was white, tears stood unsh

ten or twenty years it would belong to Dick, if Beggy did not assert his superior claim to treasure trove. That made a difference. Dick might consider it worth while.

When you are considering the case of Beggy Turnip, remember that he was thirteen years old; bear in mind that the sum of \$290 was to him inexhaustible wealth. With this fact in mind, note that Beggy did not for a second think of keeping this money for himself; that whatever use he made of it much belong the case of the other data in his possession, and reached his decision. He removed the can of money from its place of concealment, wrapped it in an old newspaper and set out across the fields. One thing he had to find out before he acted, and he was going to Grandma Cutcheon for the information. Folks said grandma knew everything, and she was always kind to boys.

He passed through her gate and walk the time."

"Is Dick goin free?"

"You heard them orders of mine."

"I got to see him let loose first."

"I got to see him let loose f

told him his friend was not dead, his heart swelled and his throat hardened with the joy of it. . And then Dick opened his eyes and recognized him and remembered what had happened! He shook Beggy's hand, actually shook his hand! And then—then life began, a glowing, wonderful told him his friend was not dead, his he tossed it aside it caught and arrested his eye. It was obviously new and shiny—yet it had been buried sing chest and gave it all for the succing chest and saked.

"No'm, come to ask somethin'. If the was somebody arrested for somethin and the saked.

"No'm, come to ask somethin'. If the cult chest and gave it all for the succing chest and gave it all for the

motion. "Knowed you was wrong about Dick Towne all the time," said the

"Here's the money." he said. "Had it with me all the time."
In an hour this latest development

money for himself; that whatever he he made of it must be to obtain his Grandma nodded over her knitting at friend's liberty. It was as if you or I him.

"Come for 'nother cookie?" she money for himself; that whatever use walked diffidently up to the steps. he made of it must be to obtain his Grandma nodded over her knitting at